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SABRE

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beginning in
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ECLIPSE MONTHLY (ISSN 0737-6189) Vol. 1, No. 9, June 1984. Published by Eclipse Enterprises, 81 Delaware Street Staten Island, NY 10304. Dean Mullaney and catherine yronwode, Editors. The Masked Man TM and copyright 1984 B.C. Boyer. RIO TM and copyright 1984 Doug Wildey. Steel, Stealth and Magic TM and copyright 1984 Wendi Lee, Steve Masseroni, Tom and Sandy Saidak. All other contents copyright 1984 Eclipse Enterprises. All rights reserved. Price $1.50 USA/$1.95 Canada. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions mentioned in this magazine with those of any real institution, or living or dead person, is intentional. Printed in Canada. We Should All Do Our Part!

STEEL, STEALTH & MAGIC
DRAGON STEW
WHEN FHIONNUALA, MOSHE AND RACHEL WALKED DOWN THE CENTER OF TOWN THEY WERE STARED AT WITH OPEN CURIOSITY. IT WAS CLEAR THAT DEALE DIDN'T GET TOO MANY VISITORS.
ye Old Saddlesore Inn
AND WHAT IS IT YOU WANT HERE?
WE WANT A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT.
NO ROOMS FOR BOLD-TONGUED WENCHES!
Credits
Written & Created by: Wendi Lee, Sandy Saidak & Tom Saidak
Illustrated by: Steven J. Masseroni

Edited by: cat ⊙ yronwode & Dean Mullaney

Lettered by: L. Lois Buhalis

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A COWARD WITH WOMEN, PECK!
WELL IF IT AIN'T RED EAONN'S LITTLE SPITFIRE... FHIONNUALA!
THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS WHEN YOU WERE TRYING TO FIT A KETTLE TO EAONN'S HEAD!
AND VERY SUCCESSFUL I WAS, AS I RECALL, THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU WAS IN A SMALL ROWBOAT SET ADRIFT WITH NO OARS. EAONN NEVER LIKED CONSPIRACIES--ESPECIALLY WHEN INSTIGATED BY FIRST MATES!
OH, IS THAT SO?
WELL, LET ME TELL YOU WHO'S IN CHARGE OF THIS TOWN--
I AM!
AND IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYIN' SO, MATE, YOU OUGHT TO KEEP ACCOUNT O' THAT 'UN'S MOUTH. SHE'S TROUBLE.
I AM NOT 'NUALA'S KEEPER...
SHE SPEAKS HER MIND FREELY.
A LITTLE TOO FREELY, IT SEEMS...
HAR HAH HAHAHA
Ahem... AND HOW DOES IT COME ABOUT THAT YOU RUN THIS TOWN?
SIMPLE--
WE'RE THIS TOWN'S PROTECTION.
YES...SIMPLE.

THREE CROWNS PER DAY FOR OLD FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTENCES--
EACH.
THAT DOESN'T INCLUDE MEALS.
THREE CROWNS??
I'M SURE WE COULD STRIKE A BARGAIN OVER THE WENCHES.
NOW, NOW...
LET'S NOT BE HASTY, PECK. YOU MUST WAIT TILL WE'RE SETTLED IN OUR ROOM... PAY HIM, MOSHE.
THAT'S BETTER. I KNEW THE WENCH WAS BRIGHTER THAN SHE LET ON.
SHOW THEM TO THEIR ROOM, INNKEEP.
TILL TONIGHT, MY LOVELY.
I CAN'T WAIT.

HOW LONG HAVE PECK AND HIS MEN BEEN HERE?
OH, SIR, I SHOULDN'T CAUSE ANY TROUBLE, IF I WAS YOU.
THEY'VE BEEN HERE EVER SINCE THEY SPOTTED THE PROBLEM OUTSIDE OUR VILLAGE.
AND IT'S A GOOD THING, TOO.
EXACTLY WHAT IS IT THEY'RE PROTECTING YOU FROM?
THE GREAT DRAGON STAMPEDE!
DRAGON?... BUT MY GOOD MAN, THERE'S NO SUCH CREATURE IN ALL OF ENGLAND!
AND SEE WHAT A FINE JOB THEY'RE DOIN'!
GO DOWNSTAIRS AND DRINK SOME ALE TO RELAX. WE WISH TO TAKE A BATH AND NEED SOME PRIVACY!
BUT LADIES, I PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THIS ROOM!
I WANT TO REST!
SLAP!
SLAM!
DON'T WORRY--WE'LL COME DOWNSTAIRS WHEN WE ARE FINISHED AND YOU CAN COME BACK TO REST.
BUT...
...CAN'T WE DO BOTH?

SIR, I MUST GET TO THE KITCHEN. PLEASE STOP.
Oh, SIR. PLEASE LET ME GO!
NOW, ANNIE, YOU KNOW HOW ATTRACTED WE ARE TO EACH OTHER. GIVE US A KISS.
MOSHE CALCULATED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN PECK'S BOOTHEELS AND THE FLOOR.
SLAP
THUD
NOT BAD.
Ooh, YE SHOULDN'T O' DONE THAT, SIR!
UUHHHHHHHH
ARE YOU MAD, SIR?!
DO YOU WANT TO BRING THE DRAGONS UPON US?!
IF THERE'S A DRAGON OUT THERE, I'LL EAT IT!
BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS KOSHER.

WE'LL HAVE TO TELL THE OTHERS!
LES MATS!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
I AGREE.
LET'S EAT.
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT! WE HAVE TO STOP PECK AND HIS MEN.
MOSHE, YOU'VE ALREADY INTERFERED, YOU CAN'T JUST WALK AWAY. YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING.
WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU!
MOSHE STOPPED IN MIDSTEP--
--AND TURNED.
WELL, I CAN SEE THAT YOU'LL BE NO HELP--
I'LL GO ROUSE THE PEOPLE!

THERE ARE NO DRAGONS. STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS.
DON'T LET THESE ROGUES GET THE BETTER OF YOU!
WE MUST FIGHT TOGETHER. SOLIDARITY...
NOW CALM DOWN. PUT AWAY YOUR WEAPONS. THERE ARE BETTER WAYS TO DEAL WITH THESE MEN...
LET'S NOT START A RIOT...
Ye Olde Bubblegore
FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS.
PUT ME DOWN!
SO YOU'RE TRYING TO START TROUBLE FOR ME AND MY MEN!
WE JUST DON'T LIKE THE PRICE OF ROOMS AROUND HERE...!
FUWAK

...AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR TASTE IN BOOTS!
STAND FAST, YE BLIGHTER!
AARRRR!
SLAM
FWHOOH
SO WHERE'S MINE?
I'M READY!
AHAH ACHOO AHAH ACHOO AH
SNAP
CRACK
CLANK
MOMMY.
ACOO WEEZ ACHOO AWACH
COVER YOUR FACE WHEN YOU SNEEZE!

THE DRAGON IS DEAD. THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR
ON BEHALF OF MY FELLOW VILLAGERS...
...I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU...!
...Oh, AND BY THE WAY, FOR THE DAMAGE DONE TO MY PUB, I THINK ABOUT 5 CROWNS WILL DO IT.
I'LL GIVE YE MORE THAN...
Mr. PECK WILL BE PAYING.
BUT WHAT ABOUT HIM AND HIS COMPANIONS?
CHINK CHINK
?
Oh, THEY'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF BY ALL OF US. THEY WON'T BE ANYMORE TROUBLE.

...AND DON'T COME BACK!
THEY'RE NOT AS BIG AS THEY ONCE LOOKED.
I NEED A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS--
THESE WILL DO NICELY.
WE HAVE A NEW DEALE, NOW.
NEW DEAL?
I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT!
DON'T WORRY, WE'LL BE ALONG SOON TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE GOING THE RIGHT WAY.
LATER THAT NIGHT, SAFELY AWAY FROM DEALE... RACHEL SERVES UP A HEARTY-LOOKING MEAL.
MMMMM.
IT'S DELICIOUS. WHAT IS IT?
DRAGON STEW.
COUGH
GGAAHH!
CHOKE
The End.

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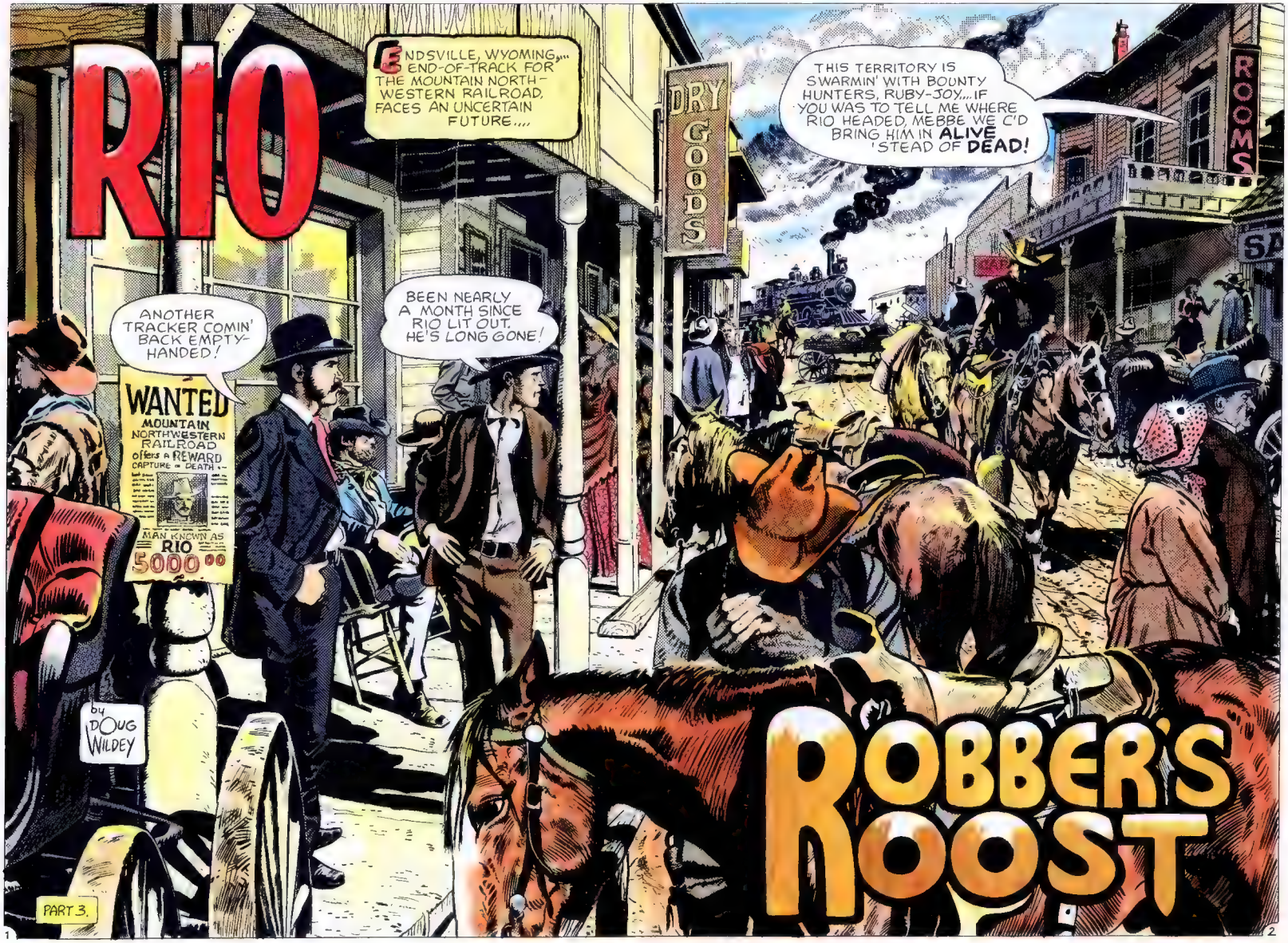
RIO
ENDSVILLE, WYOMING,... END-OF-TRACK FOR THE MOUNTAIN NORTH-WESTERN RAILROAD, FACES AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE....
THIS TERRITORY IS SWARMIN' WITH BOUNTY HUNTERS, RUBY-JOY,... IF YOU WAS TO TELL ME WHERE RIO HEADED, MEBBE WE C'D BRING HIM IN ALIVE 'STEAD OF DEAD!
DRY GOODS
ROOMS
ANOTHER TRACKER COMIN' BACK EMPTY-HANDED!
BEEN NEARLY A MONTH SINCE RIO LIT OUT. HE'S LONG GONE!
WANTED
MOUNTAIN NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD offers a REWARD
CAPTURE - DEATH
MAN KNOWN AS RIO
5000 00
by DOUG WILDEY
PART 3.
ROBBER'S ROOST

GET OUT OF MY ROOM, STEVENS. I WOULDN'T TELL YOU THE TIME OF DAY!
AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR SLIMY FRIEND DOWN-STAIRS, TOO!
SHE TELL YOU ANYTHING?
NAH! AN' I OFFERED TO SPLIT THE REWARD WITH HER, TOO!
I JUS' KNOW HE HEADED FER MEXICO!
SO WHY DON'T WE START OUT AFTER 'IM?
INTA' TH' MOUNTAINS? JUS' TH' TWO OF US? HUNTIN' RIO?
UH,... YEAH... MEBBE... UH, WE BETTER WAIT 'TIL THEY FORM A POSSE WE CAN JOIN.

IT IS EVENING ON THE BANKS OF THE RIO GRANDE.
PERRO! SILENCIO!
I, TOO, HEAR THE HORSE APPROACHING.
EVENING. CAN I SHARE YOUR FIRE? I HAVE SOME BACON AND HARDTACK.
I AM HONORED, SEÑOR. STEP DOWN AND JOIN ME.
I HAVE BUT THE CLOTHES ON MY BACK AND THIS DOG.
NO HORSE? NO FOOD? YOU DO LOOK A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR, AMIGO.
I AM LUCKY, SEÑOR! WE SWAM THE RIVER, THE DOG AND ME. WE ESCAPED FROM VIEJA TRISTEZA!
ESCAPED?
SÍ. MANY NORTE-AMERICANO PISTOLEROS HAVE TAKEN OVER VIEJA TRISTEZA!
VERY BAD MEN, SEÑOR!

THESE BAD MEN.... WAS A STOCKY GENT WEARING A LONG COAT AMONG THEM?
THE LEADER! THE MAN YOU DESCRIBE IS THEIR LEADER!
A MUCHO CRUEL KILLER!
HE IS THE ONE WHO HANGS MY PEOPLE.... WHO DEVISES THE RUN OF DEATH GAME...THE ONE WHO,...
SLOW DOWN... NOT SO FAST! THE BAD MAN HAS MANY FOLLOWERS?
HE COMMANDS MANY MEN, SENOR! SAVAGE HOMBRES ALL! THESE EVIL ONES HAVE MANY GUNS AND SEVERAL LOOKOUTS GUARDING THE VILLAGE....
THESE MEN PLAY A DEATH 'GAME'? TELL ME OF IT.
AND LATE INTO THE NIGHT THE TALL MAN LISTENS INTENTLY TO A TALE OF TERROR AND BRUTALITY...
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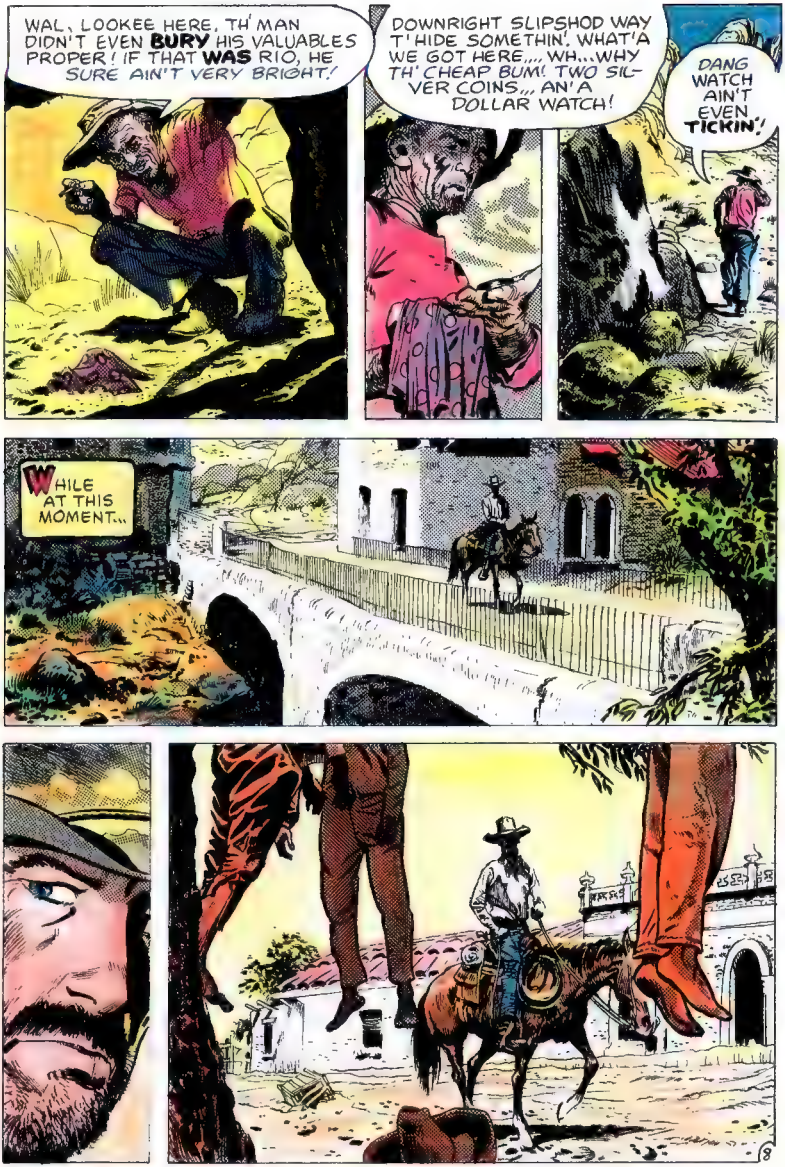
THE NEXT MORNING...
GRACIAS FOR THE FOOD AND BLANKET, SEÑOR.
THERE'S A TOWN ABOUT EIGHT MILES BACK THERE. YOU CAN WALK IT IN A COUPLE OF HOURS.
I'VE GOT TO GET MOVING.
BUT.... BUT...SURELY, SEÑOR, YOU DO NOT INTEND TO RIDE INTO VIEJA TRISTEZA? THAT PLACE OF DEATH?
THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO DO.
I'VE GOT A PLAN. A VERY WEAK PLAN, BUT IT'S ALL I'VE GOT.
GRADY PARRISH IS IN THAT VILLAGE... AND I MEAN TO DRAG HIM OUT!
BUENOS DIAS, AMIGO.
TWO HOURS LATER...
LOOK ALIVE, AL.... RIDER COMIN'! DOWN BY THE X ROCK! PUT TH' GLASSES ON 'IM!
YEAH, TALL FELLA... RIDIN' SLOW... HE'S STOPPIN' BEHIND TH' X ROCK.
ALL BY HIMSELF. NO GOVERNMENT TROOPS WITH 'IM. .... WHAT D'YA MAKE OF HIM, AL?

I DUNNO. HE'S HALF OUT'A SIGHT BEHIND TH' ROCK.
'PEARS TO BE BURYIN' SOMETHIN'.
WAL, HE IS HEADED INTA A TOWN FULL'A THIEVES...
MEBBE HE DON'T WANN'A GET ROBBED!
HE'S MOUNTIN' UP. TALL, SKINNY, ...KIND'A MEAN LOOKIN' CUSS....
GET IN'TA TOWN AN' TELL GRADY WE GOT A VISITOR. TELL 'IM I THINK RIO'S RIDIN' IN!
I'LL LET 'IM GO ON AHEAD... AN' THEN GO SEE WHUT HE WAS TRYIN' TO HIDE!
I'M ON M' WAY!
MINUTES LATER...
THA'S WHUT BEN SAID TO TELL YUH, BOSS, TH' TALL FELLA'S HEADED HERE.... SLOW AN' EASY.
RIGHT TO ME! RIGHT INTO MY WAITING ARMS! IT'S HIM! OLD BONE-HEADED RIO'S OUT-DUMBED HIMSELF AGAIN!
THE SORRY SLOB'S DEAD ALREADY! HE JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET!


WAL, LOOKEE HERE, TH' MAN DIDN'T EVEN BURY HIS VALUABLES PROPER! IF THAT WAS RIO, HE SURE AIN'T VERY BRIGHT!
DOWNRIGHT SLIPSHOD WAY T'HIDE SOMETHIN'. WHAT'A WE GOT HERE,,,, WH...WHY TH' CHEAP BUM! TWO SILVER COINS,,, AN'A DOLLAR WATCH!
DANG WATCH AIN'T EVEN TICKIN'!
WHILE AT THIS MOMENT...
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WE JUST KEEP A BEAD ON HIM, HUH? WE DON'T SHOOT HIM?
CANTINA
PARRISH WANTS 'IM IN ONE PIECE.
YEAH, IT'S ME, RIO! YOU FOUND ME! YOU TRACKED ME DOWN! HERE I AM!
I'LL RELIEVE YUH OF YOUR IRON, RIO.
HELLO, GRADY.

WELCOME TO VIEJA TRISTEZA, RIO! MEET THE PARRISH GANG!
BOYS, THIS IS RIO....FORMER OWLHOOT...NOW A LAWMAN!
LAWMAN?
YEP. BACK UP IN WYOMING HE TOOK OUT THE BRAZOS KID...AND THREE OF MY BEST SHOOTERS.
RIO, LET ME INTRODUCE FOUR OF THE FASTEST,...
"WILLIAM (SLICK WILLY) LUDLOW,...
...(LITTLE SNAKE) ZACK PEREZ...
...TANDY DOLLARHIDE...
...AND, SMILY GROVER, THE FELLA THAT RETIRED KING TAGGERT."
AND... HAVE WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, RIO!

THE LATEST CONVENTION UPDATE:

Those of you who either live in the Houston area or plan to visit there during the end of July certainly have a treat in store for you. The Houston Comix Fair organizers have invited Scott (**ZOT!**) McCloud to be a guest at their annual festivities. This is Scott's first major convention appearance, and we're glad that the folks in Texas think so much of him after seeing only the first two issues of **ZOT!**.

By the time you read this, **ZOT!** no. 4 will be on sale. Anyone who thinks **ZOT!** is "just for kids" might want to check out the current storyline, as a crazed Dekko fights his own memories, trying to rationalize his abandonment of representational art in favor of abstraction. There's nothing "childish" about *that* situation – it's the central problem facing artists in the 20th century! (All this and teen-age superheroism too – *wow*!!)

For those interested in attending the Houston Con, the dates are July 27–29. Cat and Dean made the trip to the Union's biggest state last year, and guarantee everyone will have a great time if they put in an appearance.

CONVENTIONS PAST; TOO LATE FOR AN UPDATE:

We'd like to thank the friendly folks at Second Genesis Distributors in Portland, Oregon for the wonderful hospitality during our visit to their city for Phoenix II convention on May 6th. We drove the 14 hours from our home in California, and it was one of the most beautiful tours we've ever taken. Anyone who's been in Oregon knows what we mean; for those of you who've never visited the area, we recommend it highly.

We took a long weekend off so we could make the drive a leisurely one, and had the opportunity to stop off in places like Eureka in California, and Grant's Pass, Medford and Roseburg in Oregon. The Pacific Northwest is a unique place with its incredible amount of rainfall. The further north you go, the more it rains. If we ever get invited to a convention in Seattle, we'll let you know how it is *that* high up.

At any rate, Phoenix II was a great con, with plenty of funnybooks for sale, and plenty of talented artists who came out to show us their portfolios. We also had the opportunity to do some store signings at Future Dreams and Pegasus, and thanks to Don and Mike, respectively, and their customers, for the hours of interesting conversations. If you're ever up in the area, stop in and say hello to them. Comics are a thriving business in Portland thanks to guys like them, and to their distributor, Richard Finn of Second Genesis.

They'll be having another con come September, and you can find out more about it by writing Second Genesis, 1112 NE 21st Street, Portland, OR 97232. And don't forget to tell 'em we sent ya!

HERE COMES THE FLAT FOOT FOOZLE WITH THE FLOY FLOY!

This is the month we've all been waiting for, the month in which we see the much awaited return of Klonsbon the Foozle and his pal, li'l Cap'n Quick.

There's no restraining this Foozle! From the pages of **ECLIPSE MONTHLY** comes the conclusion to **CAP'N QUICK AND A FOOZLE**. Did we say conclusion? It's only the beginning as creator Marshall Rogers launches comicdom's most bizarre characters in their own bi-monthly magazine.

We're celebrating the occasion with 32 all-new pages of graphic fantasy. No ads, nothing but non-stop action as our heroes forge the bond of their partnership and we give you the first clues as to what a young Earthling is doing hopping across the dimensions.

After you see this one, you'll wonder, "Where can they go from here?" Anywhere! According to Marshall, "We've got enough plot ideas to keep us busy until 1990!"

If you want your Foozle fix now, check out the first issue of **CAP'N QUICK AND A FOOZLE**, on sale this month. And if you're heading for the San Diego Con, be sure to say hello to Marshall, who's a guest of honor.

COMING AND GOING AND MISCELLANEOUS DOINGS:

This month in **ECLIPSE MONTHLY**, we welcome a new artist to comics, one whom we predict will become a sudden fan fave. His name is Steve Masseroni and the strip he draws is "Steel, Stealth and Magic." Take a look at his cover for the issue and see what we mean.

Also in this issue of **EM** is the return of Doug Wildey's "Rio," one of the most critically acclaimed series we've ever published. And, of course, B. C. Boyer's "The Masked Man" holds down the fort.

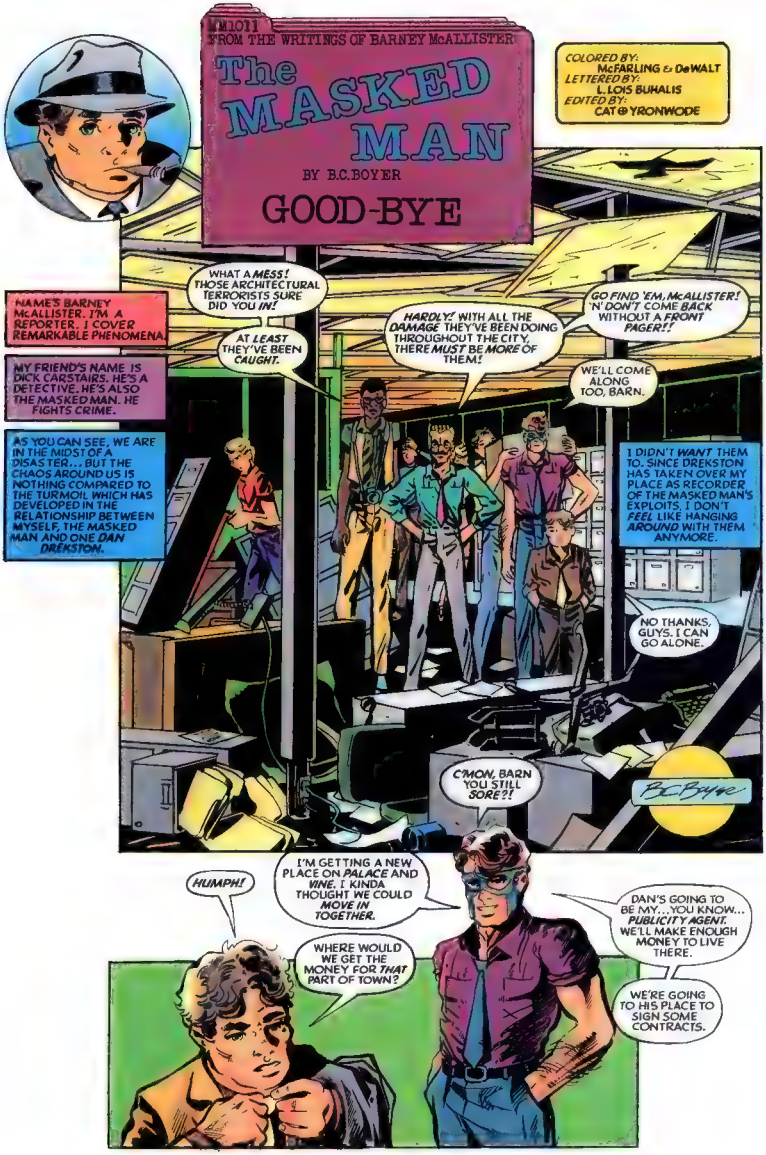
While the seventh issue of **DESTROYER DUCK** was the final issue in the series, Jerry Siegel and Val Mayerik's **THE STARLING** lives on. We're working on the first few issues of the Starling's own magazine. As soon as we have a definite release date, we'll let you know.

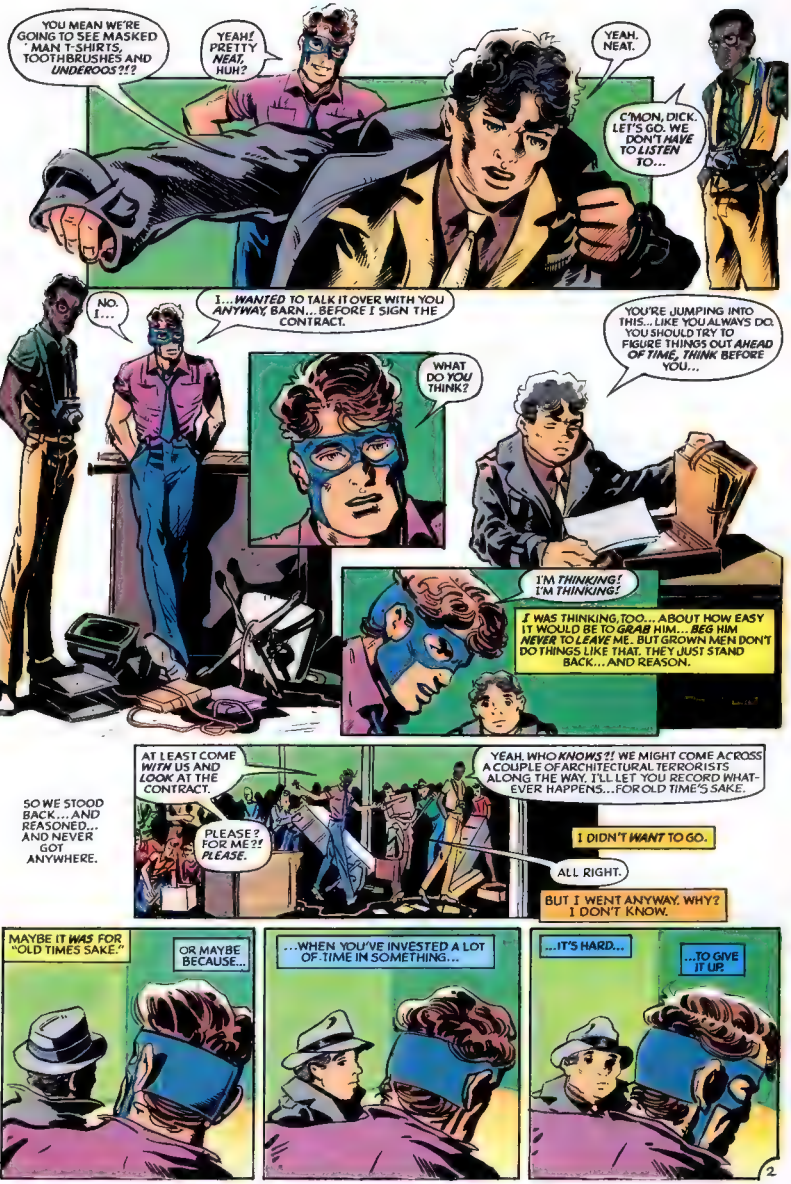
Speaking of endings and beginnings, **MS. TREE** ends her run as an Eclipse Comic this month. But fear not, mystery lovers, she lives on in her own title to be published beginning next month by Aardvark-Vanaheim, the folks who bring you **CEREBUS, NEIL THE HORSE, JOURNEY** and other top-notch comics. The format will be different –two-color instead of the usual four – but we urge you to continue to give Ms. Tree, and Max and Terry, your support. We know we'll be first in line to read the latest adventures.

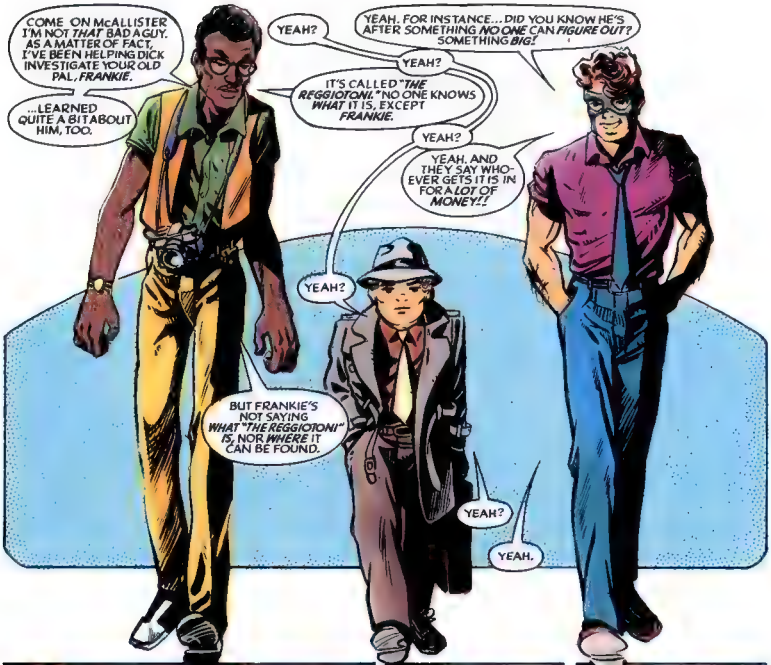
This month also sees the newest addition to the DNAgents Dynasty: the **SURGE** mini-series kicks off with the hot-headed DNAgent having left the group, only to be hunted by the police. He meets up with a sensational new character named Lancer, who's part superhero and part media superstar. He's almost too incredible to describe. Meanwhile, back in the **DNAgents** title, the chemicals are bubbling and could it be a *new* DNAgent that emerges? Sorry, but you'll have to tune in to find out. This is too big a secret to give away here!

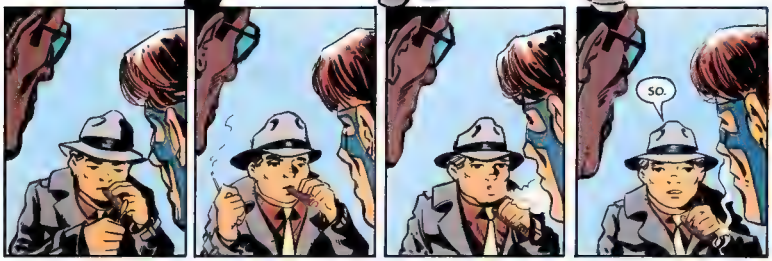
In the third leg of the DNAgents Dynasty, Mark Evanier and Dan Spiegle guide **CROSSFIRE** through a somewhat true story of a young girl who travels to Hollywood only to get involved with a shlock horror movie producer. If it's gritty Hollywood drama you're searching for, your search is over. After writing over 200 television scripts, Mark's the one person in comics who can accurately portray the Hollywood scene. So when's he going to write a **DNAgents** TV series? Only time will tell, folks. Only time will tell.

And on the subject of time, we've just run out of it. See you next month.

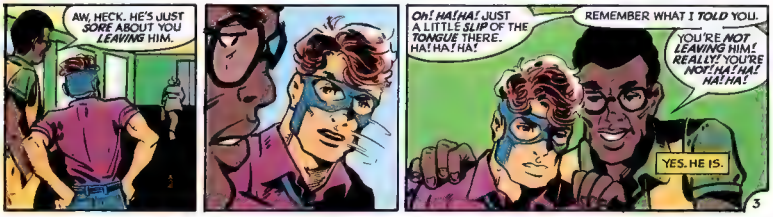

[M101]
FROM THE WRITINGS OF BARNEY McALLISTER
The MASKED MAN
BY B.C.BOYER
GOOD-BYE
COLORED BY: McFARLING & DeWALT
LETTERED BY: L.LOIS BUHALIS
EDITED BY: CAT YRONWODE
NAME'S BARNEY McALLISTER. I'M A REPORTER... I COVER REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.
MY FRIEND'S NAME IS DICK CARSTAIRS. HE'S A DETECTIVE. HE'S ALSO THE MASKED MAN. HE FIGHTS CRIME.
AS YOU CAN SEE, WE ARE IN THE MIDST OF A DISASTER... BUT THE CHAOS AROUND US IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE TURMOIL WHICH HAS DEVELOPED IN THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MYSELF, THE MASKED MAN AND ONE DAN DREKSTON.
WHAT A MESS! THOSE ARCHITECTURAL TERRORISTS SURE DID YOU IN!
AT LEAST THEY'VE BEEN CAUGHT.
HARDLY! WITH ALL THE DAMAGE THEY'VE BEEN DOING THROUGHOUT THE CITY, THERE MUST BE MORE OF THEM!
GO FIND 'EM, McALLISTER! 'N' DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT A FRONT PAGER!!
WE'LL COME ALONG TOO, BARN.
I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO. SINCE DREKSTON HAS TAKEN OVER MY PLACE AS RECORDER OF THE MASKED MAN'S EXPLOITS, I DON'T FEEL LIKE HANGING AROUND WITH THEM ANYMORE.
NO THANKS, GUYS. I CAN GO ALONE.
C'MON, BARN YOU STILL SORE?!
B.C.Boyer
HUMPH!
I'M GETTING A NEW PLACE ON PALACE AND VINE. I KINDA THOUGHT WE COULD MOVE IN TOGETHER.
WHERE WOULD WE GET THE MONEY FOR THAT PART OF TOWN?
DAN'S GOING TO BE MY...YOU KNOW... PUBLICITY AGENT. WE'LL MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE THERE.
WE'RE GOING TO HIS PLACE TO SIGN SOME CONTRACTS.

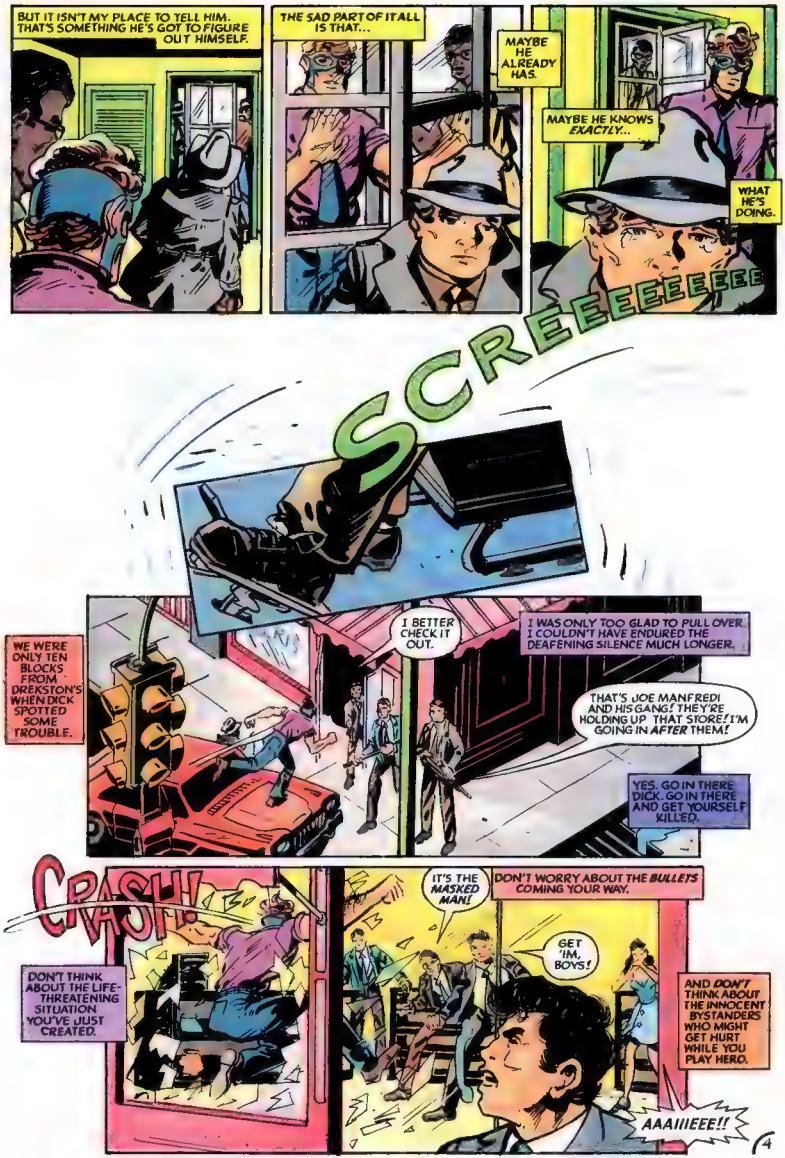

YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO SEE MASKED MAN T-SHIRTS, TOOTHBRUSHES AND UNDERDOGS?!?
YEAH! PRETTY NEAT, HUH?
YEAH. NEAT.
C'MON, DICK. LET'S GO. WE DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO...
NO. I...
I...WANTED TO TALK IT OVER WITH YOU ANYWAY, BARN...BEFORE I SIGN THE CONTRACT.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
YOU'RE JUMPING INTO THIS...LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO. YOU SHOULD TRY TO FIGURE THINGS OUT AHEAD OF TIME, THINK BEFORE YOU...
I'M THINKING! I'M THINKING!
I WAS THINKING, TOO... ABOUT HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO GRAB HIM... BEG HIM NEVER TO LEAVE ME. BUT GROWN MEN DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT. THEY JUST STAND BACK... AND REASON.
SO WE STOOD BACK... AND REASONED... AND NEVER GOT ANYWHERE.
AT LEAST COME WITH US AND LOOK AT THE CONTRACT.
PLEASE? FOR ME?! PLEASE.
YEAH, WHO KNOWS?! WE MIGHT COME ACROSS A COUPLE OF ARCHITECTURAL TERRORISTS ALONG THE WAY. I'LL LET YOU RECORD WHATEVER HAPPENS... FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE.
I DIDN'T WANT TO GO.
ALL RIGHT.
BUT I WENT ANYWAY. WHY? I DON'T KNOW.
MAYBE IT WAS FOR "OLD TIMES SAKE."
OR MAYBE BECAUSE...
...WHEN YOU'VE INVESTED A LOT OF TIME IN SOMETHING...
...IT'S HARD...
...TO GIVE IT UP.


COME ON McALLISTER I'M NOT THAT BAD A GUY. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'VE BEEN HELPING DICK INVESTIGATE YOUR OLD PAL, FRANKIE.
...LEARNED QUITE A BIT ABOUT HIM, TOO.
YEAH?
YEAH. FOR INSTANCE... DID YOU KNOW HE'S AFTER SOMETHING NO ONE CAN FIGURE OUT? SOMETHING BIG!
YEAH?
IT'S CALLED "THE REGGIOTONI." NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT IS, EXCEPT FRANKIE.
YEAH?
YEAH. AND THEY SAY WHOEVER GETS IT IS IN FOR A LOT OF MONEY!!
YEAH?
BUT FRANKIE'S NOT SAYING WHAT "THE REGGIOTONI" IS, NOR WHERE IT CAN BE FOUND.
YEAH?
YEAH.



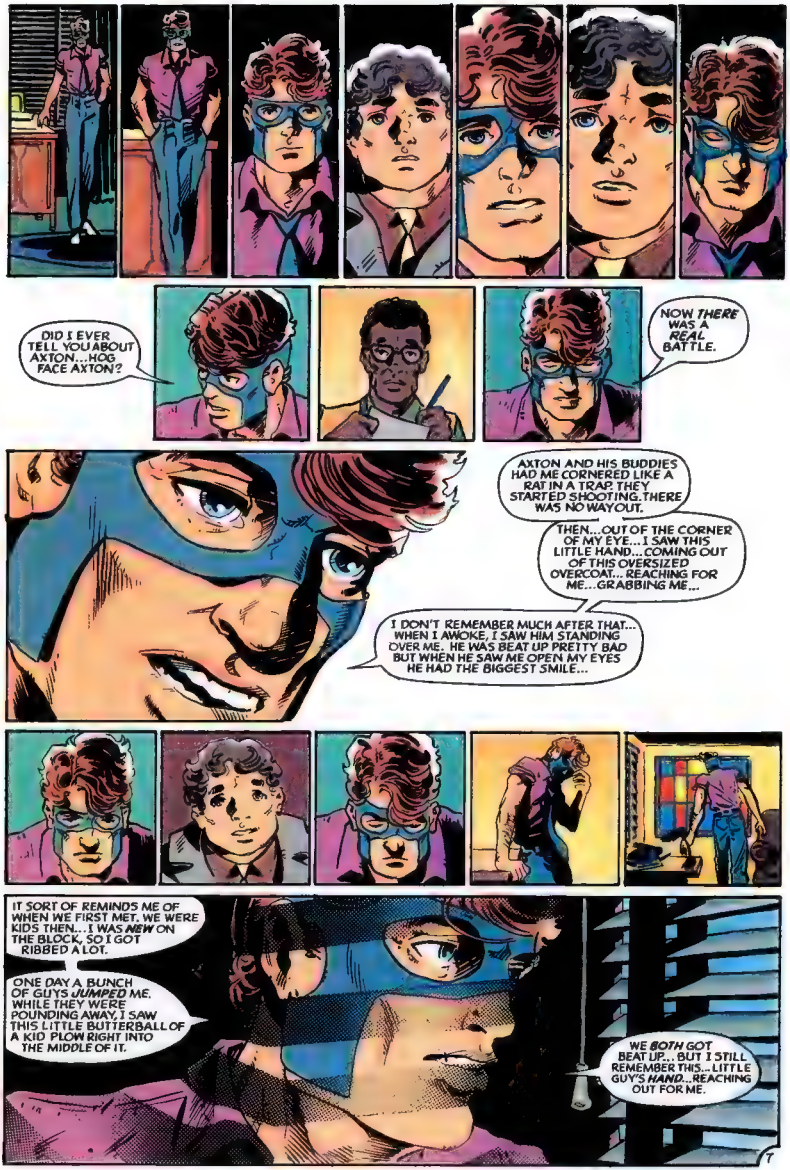
I WASN'T IN THE *MOOD* TO *TALK*. IT'S HARD TO *TALK* WHEN A *RUG* IS BEING PULLED OUT FROM *UNDER* YOU.


AW, HECK. HE'S JUST SORE ABOUT YOU LEAVING HIM.
OH! HA! HA! JUST A LITTLE SLIP OF THE TONGUE THERE. HA! HA! HA!
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU.
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING HIM! REALLY! YOU'RE NOT! HA! HA! HA! HA!
YES. HE IS.


BUT IT ISN'T MY PLACE TO TELL HIM. THAT'S SOMETHING HE'S GOT TO FIGURE OUT HIMSELF.
THE SAD PART OF IT ALL IS THAT...
MAYBE HE ALREADY HAS.
MAYBE HE KNOWS EXACTLY...
WHAT HE'S DOING.
SCREEEEEEEEE
WE WERE ONLY TEN BLOCKS FROM DREKSTON'S WHEN DICK SPOTTED SOME TROUBLE.
I BETTER CHECK IT OUT.
I WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO PULL OVER. I COULDN'T HAVE ENDURED THE DEAFENING SILENCE MUCH LONGER.
THAT'S JOE MANFRED! AND HIS GANG! THEY'RE HOLDING UP THAT STORE?! I'M GOING IN AFTER THEM!
YES. GO IN THERE, DICK. GO IN THERE AND GET YOURSELF KILLED.
CRASH!
DON'T THINK ABOUT THE LIFE-THREATENING SITUATION YOU'VE JUST CREATED.
IT'S THE MASKED MAN!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BULLETS COMING YOUR WAY.
GET 'IM, BOYS!
AND DON'T THINK ABOUT THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS WHO MIGHT GET HURT WHILE YOU PLAY HERO.
AAAIIIEEE!!

JUST CHARGE IN WITHOUT THINKING, DICK. THAT'S WHAT YOU DO BEST... ISN'T IT?
BAM!
YOU CAN COME IN AND SEE HER NOW.
YEAH... DICK CAPTURED MANFREDI AND HIS GANG. BUT THERE WAS ONE CASUALTY.
FOLLOW ME.
A WOMAN IN THE STORE HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BATTLE. SEVERAL FLASHES OF GUNFIRE HAD BLINDED HER.
IF IT WASN'T FOR ME JUMPING IN THERE LIKE THAT, THIS POOR WOMAN WOULDN'T BE IN HERE NOW.
YOU'RE SPECULATING.
BARNEY, SHE MAY BE BLIND THE REST OF HER LIFE! IT'S MY FAULT!
THE DOCTOR SAID HE WOULDN'T MAKE ANY PROGNOSIS ABOUT HER VISION UNTIL THE BANDAGES CAME OFF.
I'M NOT BLAMING YOU, MISTER. THINGS LIKE THIS JUST HAPPEN SOMETIMES.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MAGGIE BROWN.
MAGGIE, THIS DIDN'T JUST HAPPEN." I BROUGHT IT ON YOU... AND I'M GOING TO GO THROUGH IT WITH YOU, NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES. THE DOC SAYS HE'LL KNOW MORE TOMORROW. I'LL BE BACK, I PROMISE.
THERE WAS NO DOUBT HE WOULD KEEP HIS WORD. THE ONLY QUESTION WAS... WOULD I BE COMING BACK WITH HIM?
WE DROVE DIRECTLY FROM THE HOSPITAL TO DICKSTON'S PLACE. NOTHING UNUSUAL HAPPENED ALONG THE WAY...
UNLESS YOU WANT TO INCLUDE THE GROWING SADNESS OF LIFE-LONG FRIENDS.

CLICK
WELL, HERE WE ARE, FOLKS. HA! HA! HA!
EXCUSE THE MESS... BEEN PRETTY BUSY, YOU KNOW.
BESIDES... YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY... "A CLEAN DESK IS A SIGN OF A SICK MIND." HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
THE CONTRACT'S OVER THERE, DICK. YOU KNOW WHERE TO SIGN IT.
SO, uh... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS WEATHER WE'VE BEEN HAVING, huh?... BEEN PRETTY HOT, HASN'T IT? HEH, HEH.
WHY, IT REMINDS ME OF THE TIME...
OVER THERE, DICK. THE CONTRACTS OVER THERE
...OF THE TIME I WAS IN CHILE COVERING THE REVOLUTION. YOU TALK ABOUT HOT! HA! HA! TODAY IS NOTHING COMPARED...
CONTRACT. DICK. OVER THERE.
NOTHING COMPARED TO BACK THEN!!
HERE. TAKE MY PEN.
NOT ONLY WAS THE WEATHER HOT, BUT THE TEMPERS WERE FLARING, TOO!! HA! HA!
DOTTED LINE, DICK. DOTTED LINE.
WHY, I'D NEVER SEEN SUCH ACTION IN ALL MY...
SOMETHING...
WRONG?

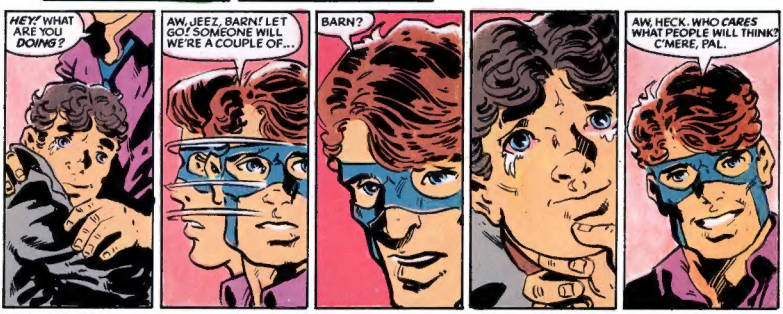

DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT AXTON...HOG FACE AXTON?
NOW THERE WAS A REAL BATTLE.
AXTON AND HIS BUDDIES HAD ME CORNERED LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP. THEY STARTED SHOOTING. THERE WAS NO WAY OUT.
THEN...OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE...I SAW THIS LITTLE HAND...COMING OUT OF THIS OVERSIZED OVERCOAT...REACHING FOR ME...GRABBING ME...
I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH AFTER THAT... WHEN I AWOKE, I SAW HIM STANDING OVER ME. HE WAS BEAT UP PRETTY BAD BUT WHEN HE SAW ME OPEN MY EYES HE HAD THE BIGGEST SMILE...
IT SORT OF REMINDS ME OF WHEN WE FIRST MET. WE WERE KIDS THEN...I WAS NEW ON THE BLOCK, SO I GOT RIBBED A LOT.
ONE DAY A BUNCH OF GUYS JUMPED ME. WHILE THEY WERE POUNDING AWAY, I SAW THIS LITTLE BUTTERBALL OF A KID PLOW RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF IT.
WE BOTH GOT BEAT UP... BUT I STILL REMEMBER THIS...LITTLE GUY'S HAND...REACHING OUT FOR ME.

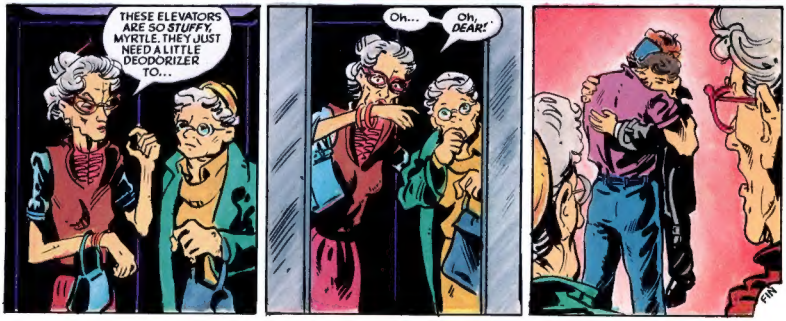
I DON'T KNOW... I GUESS WITH THIS THING I'M GOING THROUGH NOW, I...
...I SORT OF EXPECTED THE HAND TO REACH OUT AGAIN... AND STOP ME FROM WHAT I'M DOING.
BUT IT DIDN'T.
AND YOU KNOW.. I BET IT'S BEEN HARDER FOR HIM TO HOLD IT BACK...
...TO LET ME WORK IT OUT MYSELF. THAN TO STEP IN AND HELP.
I GUESS IT'S SORT OF LIKE A PARENT LETTING GO OF HIS KID..
OR A BIG BROTHER LETTING GO OF HIS LITTLE BROTHER.
SNORT!
I CAN'T SIGN IT, DREKSTON.

I... I LOVE THAT MAN TOO MUCH.
I'M SORRY, DAN.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIND SOMEBODY ELSE TO MAKE FAMOUS.
C'MON, BARN.
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.
McALLISTER.
I...I NEVER REALLY *NEEDED* THE CONTRACT, YOU KNOW...I NEVER DID.
I...JUST WANTED TO *BE* WITH HIM... TO HAVE A GOOD FRIEND TO HANG AROUND WITH.

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, FOOL.
GET GOING.
HE'S WAITING FOR YOU.

HI, BARN.
DUMB ELEVATORS.
THEY'RE SO SLOW.

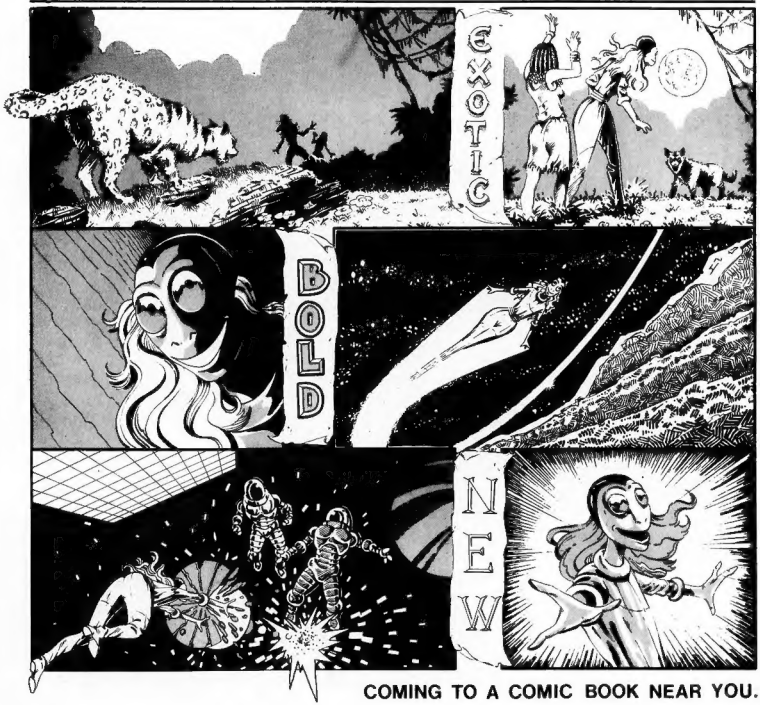

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
AW, JEEZ, BARN! LET GO! SOMEONE WILL WE'RE A COUPLE OF...
BARN?
AW, HECK. WHO CARES WHAT PEOPLE WILL THINK? C'MERE, PAL.


THESE ELEVATORS ARE SO STUFFY, MYRTLE. THEY JUST NEED A LITTLE DEODORIZER TO...
Oh...
Oh, DEAR!
FIN

ECLIPSE MONTHLY PRESENTS

THE TRAVELS OF PANDORA STRANGE

by Juan F. Chavarria & Michael Hernandez



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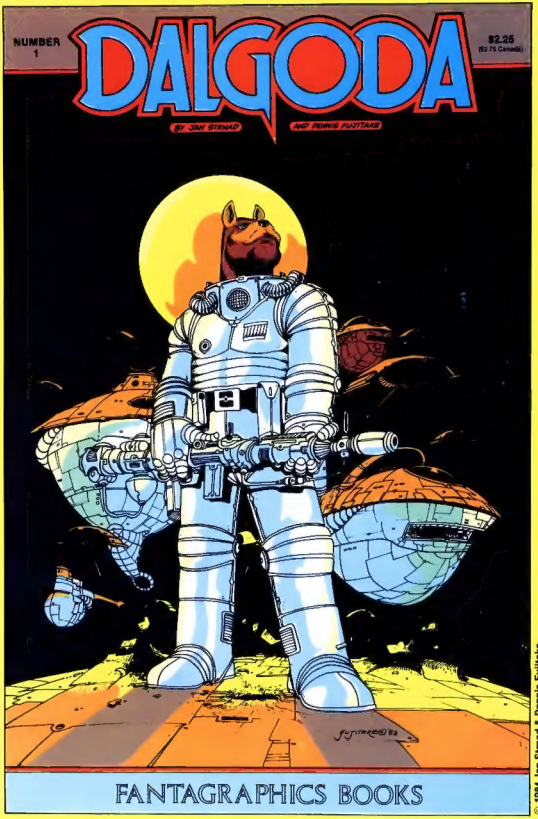
More Than Man's Best Friend...

Mankind's Last Hope!



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